



Lyrics of Fir and Hoam



MADE IN U.S.A.

STORIES OF

AIR AND FOAM

ALICE ROBERTSON

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

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1911

Fir and Foam





YRICS OF



IR AND



FOAM

By

ALICE ROLLIT COE

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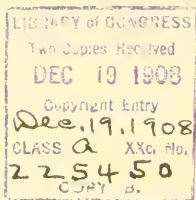


Seattle

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The blazing Yule log's cheery glow
Was caught from suns of long ago,
So, once, on Bethlehem streamed the light
That warms each heart this Christmas night.





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"For me the sunset lingers on the blue Cascades."

The Blue Cascades

*All the witchery of springtime, all the summer's splendor fades;
Yet for me the light is breaking on the blue Cascades.*

DAWN! The rugged line of mountains black against a
copper sky;
Black, the gaunt firs in the foreground; then the level clouds that lie
Stretched above them flush to crimson all the reaches of the sky.

And the lake has caught the glory! Suddenly upon its breast
Every little lifeless ripple wakes to rose and amethyst:
Now each peak is royal purple, etched in gold along its crest.

Twilight comes: across the mountains and the lake soft colors
steal—
Ash of rose and liquid beryl,—moving mists, that slowly feel
Their dim way among the foothills, here obscure them, there reveal.

*Dreams, ambitions, loves, illusions,—one by one their beauty
fades;
But for me the sunset lingers on the blue Cascades.*



The Wave

Vashon Island

LITTLE wave, brown wave, pulsing on the pebbles,
Hidden in the shadow of the spreading alder trees,
Do you see your brothers, afoam upon the ocean,
Leaping in the sunlight, bending to the breeze?—
Little wave, brown wave,
You are one with these.

Little heart, foolish heart, fretting in the shallows,
Eager to be moving in the swift, strong tides that run
Far, far out to seaward,—yet the same life surges
From these quiet eddies to the dipping sun:
Little heart, foolish heart,
You and they are one.





“Shut from the windy world.”
—*Cedar Lake.*

Cedar Lake

I WOULD my life were like this quiet lake,
Shut from the windy world by mountains high,
The stillness of the dawn upon my breast
Ere yet the hush is broken by the birds;
Gazing entranced upon the snowy peaks,
No thought less pure than they, reflected there;
Flushing with joy to greet the coming sun,
And in my heart, all night, star-thoughts of God!



Life's Rose

TO THE lattice, Love! and see
How my rose has bloomed for thee!
Ah, what care did nature bring
To its utmost perfecting!
At no cost if it were born,
 Why the thorn?

Many a sweet, forgotten night
Filled its cup with perfume light;
In its bosom, fold on fold,
Lies the blush of dawns untold—
Daily largess of the sun,
 All in one.

So in love, Life's rose, are met
Aspirations infinite,
The quintessence of the tears
Shed thro' all the bitter years,
Joy of wakening woods that bring
 Birds a-wing.

Shall we, in despite of pain,
Eagerly its sweetness drain?
Pull its petals all apart?
Bare its trembling, golden heart?
Toss aside, and let it lie,
 So to die?

Life's Rose

—Continued

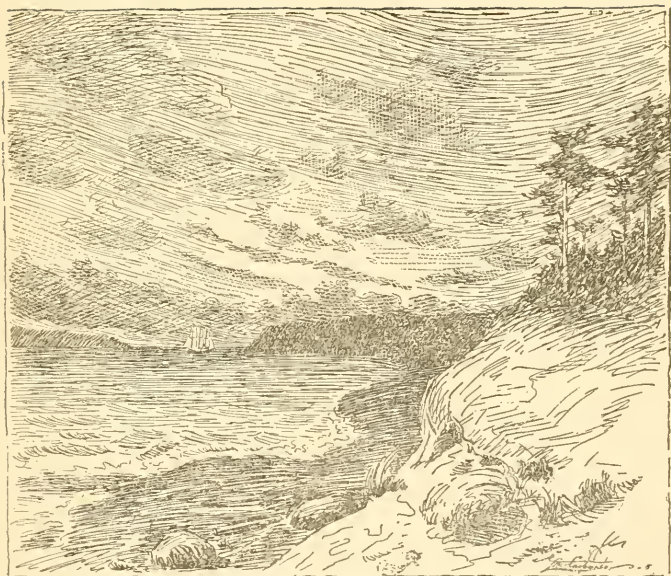
Nay, not so, but tenderly
Will I pluck the rose for thee—
See, the dew upon it lingers!
Take it, Love, with reverent fingers,
In the hollow of thy breast
 Let it rest.



Fulfilment

I WILL sing to the world," she said;
"So sweet my song shall be,
The very birds will hush their throats
And men will die for the love of me."
In a warm home nest,
She sings to the baby on her breast;
His tiny ear
Alone may hear.

"There are laurels to win," she cried;
"My brow must wear its crown;
There's a world of work for voice and pen,
And sweet the hope of a fair renown."
With patient art,
She writes but *Love* on her baby's heart;
With tear and prayer,
That one word there.



"The great winds wait."
—Faring Forth.

Faring Forth

THE light on the mountain has faded,
The shadows are folded low
On the foothills that glowed like beryl;
To the southward, far and slow,
The white sail slips from the circling arm
Of the harbor-line at last,
And the great winds wait to bear it out
To the sea, unknown and vast.

The night on the upland is falling,
As my weary heart and I
Fare forth from the well-known haven—
There are few to say good-bye:
The work that is all unfinished;
The victories none applaud;
The love that failed;—but what care I
Asleep on the breast of God?

Seattle

QUEEN of the West! Fair city of our hope!
Seated, like Rome, upon her seven hills,
With majesty of mountain girt about,
And at thy feet the sea. Mist-swathed at dawn,
Banded with jewels, like the sky, at night.
The soft Pacific wave that laps thy feet,
Urges thy freighted ships to distant shores,
Bringing the treasures of the East again.
Here is thy throne of beauty; here we see
The last great monument that man has set
To mark his slow and painful westward way.
Mother of giants yet to be, all hail!
Pulsing with joyous life in all thy veins,
Rich, warm and young!

How beautiful thou art!
Stretching thine arms to greet the Orient;
Gazing, with eyes of mystery, to pierce
The far sea-spaces; dreaming, mother-like;
The boundaries of thy power still unset,
The wonder of thy destiny unknown.

The Falling Fir

A CENTURIES long, to the north wind's song,
I have beaten a rhythmic time;
On my dark green crest did the eagle rest,—
I was King of the Northern Clime.

* * * * *

With axe and with saw, and with wedge, at last,
They have conquered my mighty girth;—
A moment I sway—then tear my straight way
Through the shuddering trees, to earth:

(A flutter of birds in trembling flight,
Soft boughs dropping one by one)
A Titan sigh—and prone I lie—
Undone, undone, undone.

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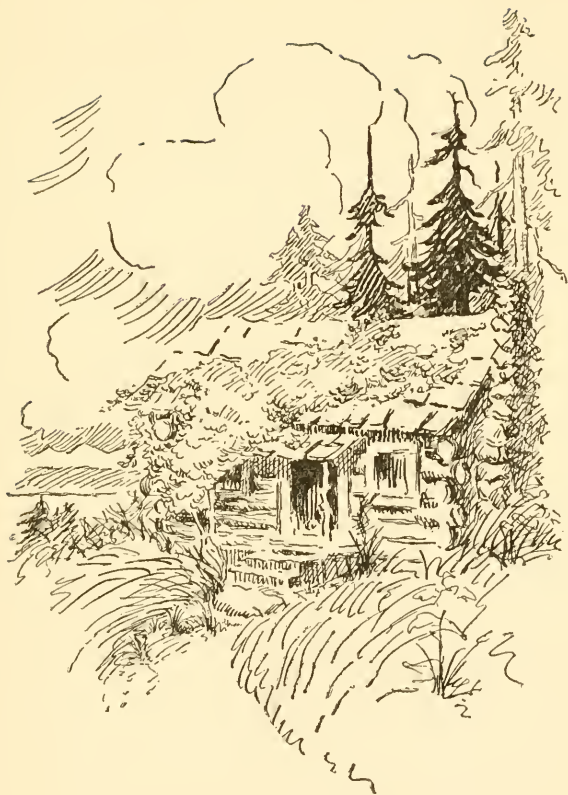
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“How desolate it stands upon the slope
Of yonder hill.”

—*The Deserted Cabin.*

The Deserted Cabin

Whidby Island

HOW desolate it stands upon the slope
Of yonder hill; the vacant windows stare;
No curtain sways; no eager welcome waits
From smiling faces there.

The path is overgrown, and through the grass,
Self-sown, the pansies from their border stray;
And thick athwart the door the ivy shade
Grows deeper day by day.

And such my life since you have left: the rain
Unheeded falls, the sun shines as of old,
But lingers not in all the dreary rooms
To touch your hair to gold.

And yet, a little vine of memory
Clings round the doorway where your garments swept;—
Close to the threshold where your footfall passed,
Forget-me-nots have crept.

Robert Louis Stevenson

For the Colerick

BRAVE soldier heart! condemned to stand aside
And watch the marching columns as they passed;
To know that each man had his fighting chance
At least; that, whether he returned at night
Bearing his shield or on it, his the joy
Of striking with what might he had for right
And freedom. Only thou—a patriot, too—
Who like that earlier hero, could have cried,
“A hundred lives were all too few for me
That I might give them for my country,”—thou
Must be denied, thy flaming spirit pent
Within a form how frail!

Some springs there be,
That wanting outlet, turn to bitterness;
Some smothered fires eat out the heart of life;
But in the fine alembic of thy soul
No aspiration perished,—but transfused,
Transmuted, found, at length, its gracious use.
Some word of thine has nerved another's arm,
Down on the firing line, to mighty deed;
Some song of courage fallen on the ear
Grown deaf to duty; or, some cheering thought
Of brotherhood has warmed the heart of one
Cut off from rescue,—boldly striking out
One last, brave blow before he falls—alone.
And so the hero's meed is thine at last;
Untried in war, but captain of thy soul;
In life's grim conflict, victor; for we read,
Not he who takes a city merits praise,
But he who rules his spirit;—so we lay
The laurel wreath upon thy lonely grave.



"O to wander in the wood-ways."

—*The Meadow-Lark.*

The Meadow-Lark

O HAVE you heard the meadow-lark, the meadow-lark,
the meadow-lark?

O have you heard it singing in the woods of Washington?
When the dogwood bloom is drifted white against the somber
hemlocks,

Like late snows caught in the hill-clefts when Winter's past
and gone?

O to wander in the wood-ways! where the close-set firs are rising
Tall and stately, like the pillars of some old cathedral gray,
Every fluted shaft uplifted straight and naked to the arches
Of the thick, green boughs that top them, shutting out the light
of day.

Here, the arbutus, the sweetest of the flowers of old New Eng-
land,

Finds a rival in the blossom of the pink salal that peeps
From the burnished leaves that cluster close about the fallen cedar,
Crowding downward to the mosses where the tiny tea-vine
creeps.

The slender dappled alders by the brook are scarce a-quiver;
The silence falls caressingly like snowflakes on the fir;—
And then we hear the meadow-lark, "Sweet, Sweet," its voice is
calling—

We hush our hearts to listen to the Spring's dear messenger.

The nightingale in story lives, enchantress of the woodland;
And the little English skylark every poet's heart has won;—
But oh! to hear the meadow-lark, the meadow-lark, the meadow-
lark!

Once more to hear it singing in the woods of Washington!



WITH open book before her
In which her task was set,
A little child sat sorrowing
With cheeks and lashes wet;
She saw the roses blowing,
She heard the wood-birds sing,
“Ah, me!” she sighed, “but learning
Is such a weary thing!”

With open book before her
Where life's sad lessons lay,
A woman sat and sorrowed
Through all the lonely day:
She saw the roses wither,
The bird of peace take wing,
“Ah, me!” she sighed, “forgetting
Is such a weary thing!”

Facing the Sunrise

THE mountain tops were splendid with the dawn,
The sea aglow, the morning that he died,
And there was light upon his face at last,
As if the secret of the dawn were his.
Yet all his days were passed in bitter toil
In weary cities, shut from sun and sea.
Joy laid no roses at his happy feet;
Love crowned him not, and Sorrow oft o'ertook
And fared with him along the dusty way.
But let not Pity weep a soul's defeat,
Nor think his life unfruitful of reward;
Though Love denied him he had learned to love;
Though unattained the heights to which he strove,
The hardy sinews of the climber his;
Joy was not his, yet other hearts there were
That sang for gladness he made possible:
So, with serene though all unlaureled brow,
Triumphantly he entered into Life.

An April Day

IT is April,—exquisite April!
Loveliest child of the Spring;
Timid, even to tears,
But the smiles are tarrying
Only a moment behind,
And when she smiles, we say
“We would live a life of winters
For just this April day!”

Ebb Tide

WHEN Life and Love were new, dear heart,
How lavishly we spent
The precious hours—how lightly met,
And parted well content.

Now life is at the ebb, dear heart,
But Love—ah, Love will stay!
Cling closer, closer yet, dear heart—
Thank God for each sweet day!





"Now the ivy wraps me round."
—*The Old Church Tower.*

The Old Church Tower

Tacoma

LONG, blessed years I lifted
My green top to the sun,
Before man came and laid them low—
My brothers,—one by one.

The birds' song, and the wind's song,
They made a pleasant sound;—
Now my mighty shaft is broken,
And the ivy wraps me round.

They have built a House of Worship,
They have hung a bell, to say,
"Turn, turn aside and worship God,
It is the Sabbath Day.

"Leave off your busy, restless work;
Come, turn aside and pray"—
But we, His trees, and His ivy green,
We worship God alway.

Fraser Canyon

PERCHANCE in such a place as this, apart
From all the ways of men, with hate athirst,
Trusting vast silences his guilt to hide,
Some wretched Cain has wrought the deed accurst—
And lo! the world, agape, has on his secret burst.

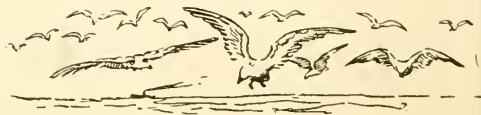
But had some gentle spirit blossomed here,
Brimmed with the love of men, his quiet day
Spent in distilling all the sweets he drew
From solitude,—to honor his dead clay
Pilgrims, with hearts aflame, would crowd the narrow way.

A WOODLAND WOOING



THE mist gathers white on the mountains;
White are the sails on the bay;
The evergreen woods come trooping
Down to the dashing spray.
Clusters of wild spirea,
Flecking the shore, will be
Like blossoms of foam, when the summer
Comes to the inland sea.

At the door of the forest, the dogwood
Stretches its arms of snow,
Guardian of secrets only
The heart of a lover may know.
Silently, far above us,
The wind's soft fingers stir
The pale, green plume of the alder,
Lifted against the fir.



A WOODLAND WOOING

The ferns at our feet are unfolding,
The Oregon grape a-bloom,
Its delicate, golden tassels
Touching with light the gloom
Of the twilight trail we follow,
Lured by the witchery
Of white-starred dewberry, twining
The trunk of the fallen tree.

The meadow-lark sings from the cedar,
The laugh of the brook replies—
Mad with delight, as it hurries
Down where the sea-gull flies.
Love—ah, long she was straying—
Has ended her weary quest,
Like Spring to the waiting woodlands,
She comes, a song in her breast.



WHEN it is dark and rainy,
And there's no fun anywhere,
I like to go to grandma's room
And curl up in a chair.

Then she unlocks her bureau drawer,
And takes out all the things
She calls her treasures,—there are pearls,
And chains, and pins, and rings,

And tiny baby shoes she says
Her children used to wear,
And the cutest, softest, yellow curls
Of little babies' hair.

And then she puts them all aside,
And lifts from out its place,
Behind the rest, the long blue box
That holds her fine old lace.

There are just yards and yards, and I
Stand close beside her chair,
And touch it softly, just like this—
But grandma doesn't care.

What do you think she told me once?
"Some day, when you're a bride,
This lace will all be yours, my dear"—
I felt so queer inside,

Old Lace

—Continued

My heart it gave a flutter,
Like a little birdie flying;
But when I looked at grandma—
My grandmamma was crying!

She didn't cry like me, of course,
But slowly down her face
A little tear-drop crept, and fell
Upon the soft old lace.

She looked so sorry that I thought
I hadn't better stay;
She didn't notice when I kissed
Her cheek and slipped away.

I often wonder why it was
The tears were on her face,
That day she opened the blue box,
And showed me her old lace.



"No more upon the silent lake
He guides the long canoe."

—*The Tyee.*

The Tye

NO MORE upon the silent lake
He guides the long canoe;
Nor seeks the forest openings
Where the deer come trooping through.

His fire is out upon the beach;
No sign on wood or stream
Is left to tell us that he lived—
His life is but a dream.

No skill had he to mark for us
The dear, familiar spot;
Like mist upon the mountain's brow
He was—and he is not.



By Latticed Arch

WITHIN the garden of the Past
The ways are cool and wide;
Soft-footed Memory goes before,
Joy, laughing, runs beside,

A down the dear old paths, to where
The brooklet stays our feet;
There, Memory, by latticed arch,
Where rose and myrtle meet,

Finger on lip, will pause a space,
And lightly lean and lift
The loose-swung curtain of the vine,
And smile at me;—but swift

I turn aside—that path no more
With eager feet I trace,
Lest, suddenly, with breath indrawn,
I meet—*thee*—face to face!

To a Water Lily

WHERE have you come from my beautiful lily?
Not from a region of darkness or cold,
Fairy airs cherished your pure, pearly petals,
Fairy suns tinted your heart's yellow gold.

Made you your bed where the light zephyrs linger,
Nestled in mosses, close-cradled with care?
Was your light stamen's perpetual tremble
Stirred by soft music that thrilled through the air?

* * * * *

Down in the deep, tangled roots of the rushes,
Slept I unheeding beneath the blue lake;
Till from the wonderland stretching above me
Came a soft voice calling me to awake.

Upward, still upward, all darkly, all blindly—
Safe in my bosom a treasure I bore;
Might I sink downward and give up the struggle?—
I could not rest as I rested before.

When the glad sunlight first smiled me a greeting,
Thrilling me through with the deepest delight,
Open I flung every gleaming white petal—
Where had I gathered a burden so bright?



To a Water Lily

—Continued

O the sweet bliss of a mission accomplished!
O the first breath of the lovelier life!
What was the struggle to me? It was ended:
Where is the darkness when sunshine is rife?

Learn thou a lesson, O heart full of sorrow,
Think not that loveless or useless thy fate,
Dreams cannot dream what the future may yield thee,
Learn to look upward and patiently wait.



"There's no Pan to pipe to-day."
—*On Extending Twentieth Avenue.*

On Extending Twentieth Avenue

Seattle

QUT IT through! yes, do!
Split Ravenna Park in two!
Spoil the forest? What's the odds?
Woods were made for pagan gods;

There's no Pan to pipe to-day—
Clear the rubbish all away!
Sweeter than his voice of old
Is the chink of yellow gold.

From the banks, his notes so clear,
Charmed the mild, ancestral ear
With their tender music—thanks,
I'll take mine on city banks.

Yes, we know the stately trees
Fling their banners to the breeze,
Root them out! and in the holes
Plant the graceful trolley poles.

True, no birds will gather there,
But we haven't time to spare
For their music in the Spring—
Let the busy wires sing!

But the brook—pshaw! what's a stream
But a place to sit and dream?
That's a thing of small amount,
Dreams won't swell your bank account.

On Extending Twentieth Avenue

—Continued

“Thing of beauty”—yes, I know;
“Joy forever”—maybe so;
But in business beauty’s “nil”—
Just remember Denny Hill.

Children love it, did you say?
What of that? It’s just their way;
Nothing better than a street!
That’s the place for them to meet.

Let me tell you, there’s no time
In this busy, bustling clime,
Just to moon around a park—
Better be a money shark.

All this talk of what we owe
To posterity, is slow;
There is just one thing to say
On the subject—will it pay?

Love in Alaska

I WAS a hardy sour-dough,
Vintage of ninety-seven;
She was a gentle tenderfoot,
Just floated down from heaven.

I thought I'd staked my claim all right,
I ain't in no wise weak,
But, say! she jumped it right away,
'Fore anyone could speak.

Affections isn't just the things
You want a-lyin' loose
Around a mining camp—you see,
They ain't no sort o' use.

I long ago had cached my heart
By way of self-defence—
She found my cache; she dug it up;
And kep' it ever sence.

On the Way

YOU are starting on a journey—and a weary way to go,
Alone, untaught, bewildered, by the many things to know,
If you win the summit's shining peaks that thrill your heart with
song—

Then learn a little, learn a little, as you go along.

There happiness awaits you, and the joy of souls that dream,
And attain their dreams, though loneliness and bitterness may seem
To be their portion for awhile—the world is not all wrong—
So laugh a little, laugh a little, as you go along.

'Tis well to lift a steadfast eye to visions far away,
But feeble, groping fingers touch your garment's hem to-day;
The years of earthly pilgrimage are few, and death is strong—
So love a little, love a little, as you go along.



“When a man don't own a floatin' palace,”

—*The House Boat on the Sticks.*

The House Boat on the Sticks

Quartermaster Harbor

With Apologies to John Kendrick Bangs.

I FOUND him sitting on the beach beneath an alder tree;
His legs were crossed, a newspaper was spread upon his
knee;

But nothing in the paper his attention seemed to fix;
He just sat idly gazing at the House Boat on the Sticks.

A shabby looking boat enough,—a cabin, cramped and small,—
A sail rigged up upon the roof above it,—that was all.

“But then, it’s all the house I got,” said he, “and when a man
Don’t own a floatin’ palace, he must do the best he can.

“There ain’t much room to spare, for sure, it’s neither long nor
wide;

And if I want to change my mind I have to go outside.

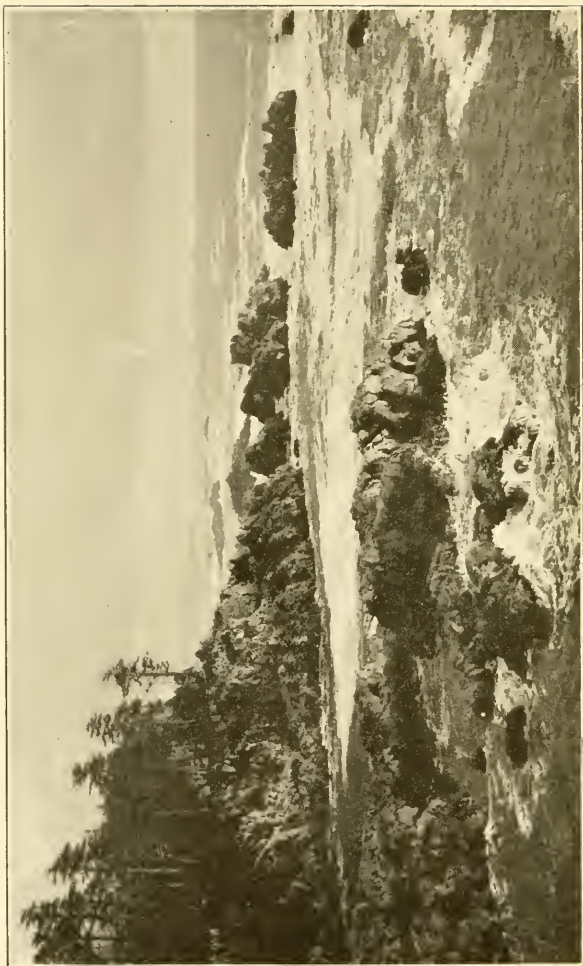
“I know there’s lots o’ folks that want a house that’s big and fine,
But I don’t see the use o’ that, when all outdoors is mine.

“If I should want a change o’ scene, it isn’t hard to find;
Some friendly tug-boat comes along,—I just hitch on behind;

“He has to do the stokin’, see? and I just float along;
Or I can sail her sometimes, when the wind don’t blow *too* strong.

“Perhaps you’ve noticed that a crowd and happiness don’t mix,
So why should I be lonesome in my House Boat on the Sticks?

“And when you feel like restin’ up, why, stranger, drop around;
I’ll take the house boat off the sticks, and show you Puget Sound.”



“More than one stout ship has foundered.”
—*The Northern Passage.*

The Northern Passage

WE were coming from the Northland,
Where the snowy peaks look down
On the restless life that pulses
Through the quaint old Russian town.

And our ship was treasure-laden;
For our hoard of precious gold
We had braved the mountain peril,
And the bitter Arctic cold.

After all our months of waiting,
After all our hopes and fears,
We could see the dear home faces
Smiling at us through their tears.

But our way lay through a channel
We must traverse warily,
Where of old some giant fingers
Tore a pathway for the sea.

More than one stout ship had foundered
On the rocks on either side,
For no light-house lifts its beacon
There to be the sailor's guide.

The Northern Passage

—Continued

But our ship bore bravely onward
Through the perils of the way,
Safely in the blackest midnight
As upon the fairest day.

And we asked the stalwart Captain
How it was that he could tell
Where the dangerous rocks were hidden;
Cheerily his answer fell

On the anxious hearts about him,
And his words I ne'er forgot,—
“Well, I don't know where the rocks are,
But I know where they are not.”

When the way looks dark before me,
Comfortingly comes the thought,—
Though I don't know where the rocks are,
Still I know where they are not.

Captain David Wallace of the *Cottage City*.



"Home, home, to the inglenook."
—*The Inglenook.*

The Ingle Nook

THE sunlight flames on mountain peak,
And floods the valley to the brim:
Go forth, rejoicing, on thy way;—
But shadows fall, and suns grow dim.

Then home, home, to the ingle nook:
When rain is on the thatch,
I heep the hearth-fire high and wait
For thy hand upon the latch.

The moonlight on the limpid lake
A path of fretted silver lies:
O follow, follow, follow far;—
But moons will wane, and storms arise.

Then home, home, to the ingle nook:
When rain is on the thatch,
I heep the hearth-fire high and wait
For thy hand upon the latch.

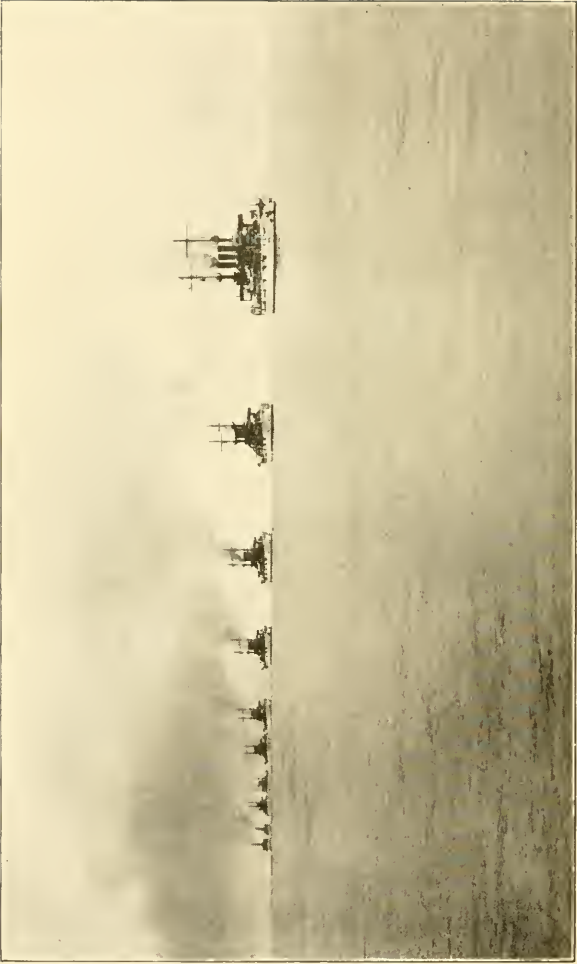


Questionings

IF you should awake in the morning,
And looking away to the sea,
Should catch a white sail drifting slowly away,
And knew it would never again grace the bay,
And knew that the ship bore me,
Over the blue,
Dear little heart in the harbor behind,
Would it matter to you?

If, treading the dusty highway,
In the busy noon of the day,
The steps that had wandered near yours, my sweet,
Should suddenly cease, and the oncoming feet
Should trample their traces away,
And then, if you knew
That the path would no more bear the print of my feet,
Would it matter to you?

If you, in the dusky twilight,
Watching the stars in the sky,
Should know that the heart that had loved you afar—
The heart in which you were the bright, guiding star,
Had sighed you a last good-bye—
And oh! if you knew,
That it broke with the weight of its silence—O Love,
Would it matter to you?



"The welcome of brothers awaits you.
—*Hail to the Fleet.*"

Hail to the Fleet

BOOM! guns, from the vessels at anchor;
Blow! blasts, from a hundred mills;
Boom! till the jubilant echoes
Burst from the distant hills.

Burn! skies, with Italian azure;
Wind from the North, sweep down
On the sentinel mountains and strip them
Cloudless, from base to crown.

Lift, like a bride, sedately,
Thy soft mist veil, and be
Revealed in thine opaline splendor,
O beautiful inland sea.

Whiteness of snow on the mountains,
Whiteness of bloom on the bough,
Green of the new-leaved woodlands,
Be never so fair as now.

Sweeping from ocean to ocean,
The battleship fleet is bound
"Frolic or fight," from Hampton Roads
To the harbors of Puget Sound.

The welcome of brothers awaits you!
The flag we unfurl to the sun,
Is the flag that you fly at the mast-head—
The East and the West are one.

And one they must be forever!
Stand by! for we need you here;



Hail to the Fleet

—Continued

We have won the West for the nation,—
We must hold it in strength, not in fear.

We have whitened the pathless prairie
With the bones of horse and man,
When the painted savages circled
And closed on the lone caravan;

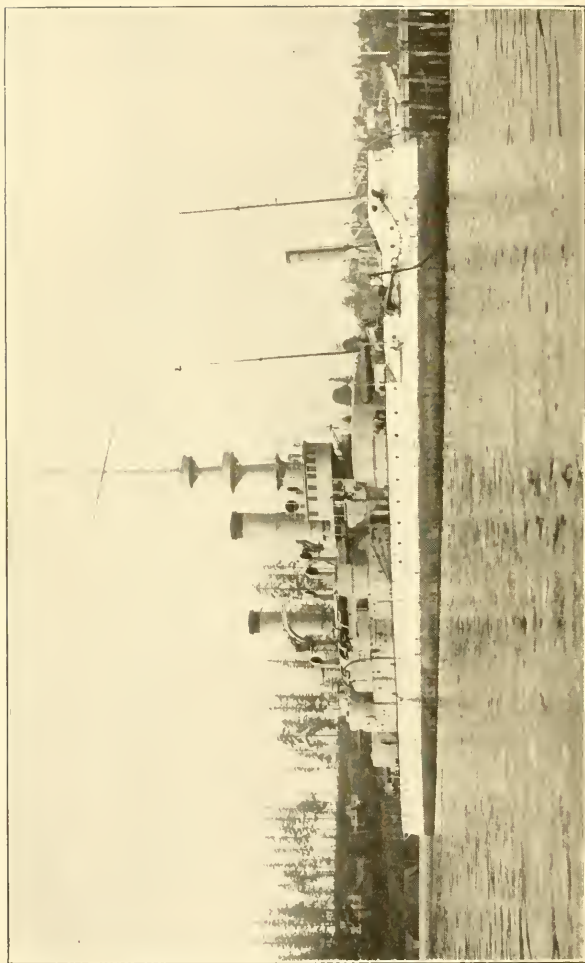
We have fought, in the sand of the desert,
The hunger—the thirst that kills;
We have blazed a trail through the forest;
We have blasted a way through the hills;

The pulse of the Pilgrims beats in us:—
Eager to spend and be spent,
We have builded an Empire proudly
On the rim of the continent.

The future is big with meaning:—
We will front it, whatever it be,
With our backs to the Rocky Mountains,
And our faces toward the sea.

Then hail! the American Navy!
May its strength and its fame increase—
The bulwark of freedom and progress—
The bond of the nation's peace.

Shout, then, a mighty welcome;
Let it echo to old Rainier—
Here's to the Atlantic Squadron!—
And the man that sent it here!



"She is panoplied in armor like a daughter of the gods,"
—*The Cruise of the Oregon.*

The Cruise of the Oregon

ON the rough Atlantic waters,
Ride the war king's grey-robed daughters,—
Wait the battleships, impatient for the coming of their mate;
With her great heart throbbing loudly,
All her pennons waving proudly,
Every man on board a hero, she has passed the Golden Gate.

Offspring of the mild Pacific,
With accoutrements terrific,
She is panoplied in armor like a daughter of the gods;
Are there foes against her banded?
She will meet them single-handed—
Rush exultant to the conflict in the face of fearful odds.

Leagues on leagues stretch out before her,
Alien skies will darken o'er her,
She will fly before the tempest, like the lordly albatross,
On unwearied pinion sweeping,
While the Nation's heart is keeping
Vigil with her, as she passes underneath the Southern Cross.

Builted of the iron taken
From the mountain's breast unshaken,
She will buffet with the billows—she will laugh the waves to scorn;
On her giant strength relying,
All the storm king's wrath defying,
Staunch and true in every fiber, she has proudly swept the Horn.

The Cruise of the Oregon

—Continued

To the Northward! Straight and steady!
Every gun is manned and ready!
Twice she touches port, but turning, swings far out to sea again;
Swiftly through the darkness going—
Not a signal light is showing,
To betray her to the fury of the old sea dogs of Spain.

But unscathed, and eager-hearted
For the fight as when she started,
She is coming down the home stretch, all her perils safely passed:—
How we swung in line to meet her!
How the guns boomed out to greet her!
As she bore down bravely on us, with Old Glory at her mast!

The Man Behind the Gun

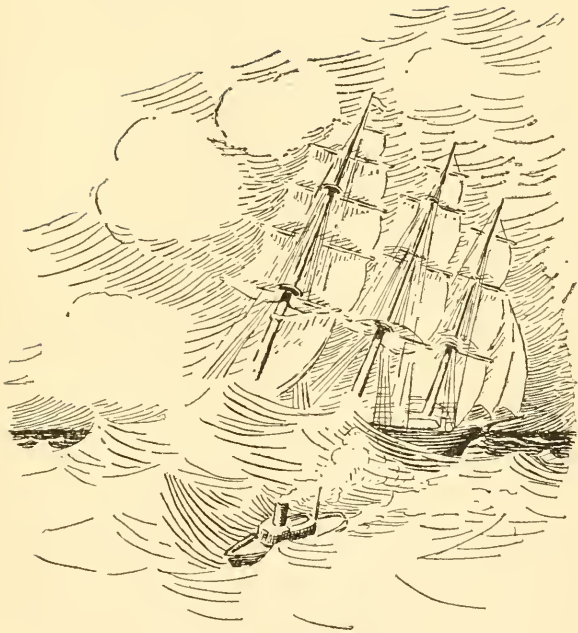
THEY say that life's a battle, lad, I think you'll find it true;
The same old conflict rages, though the weapons may be
new;

But in every kind of warfare that is waged beneath the sun,
The contest is decided by the man behind the gun.

There are many hidden dangers that a soldier never sees—
Blind batteries to blast you, and sharpshooters in the trees,
And whether you will falter, or the foe will have to run,
Will depend upon the mettle of the man behind the gun.

There will come supremest moments, in the battle for the right,
When the deck is cleared for action, and the foe is just in sight,—
Then, oh then, you must be ready, for Manilas are not won
When a sluggard or a coward is the man behind the gun.

What though the foe grows boastful, and counts up his array
Of armies and of battleships to fill you with dismay—
Keep up your target practice!—vict'ry's certain as the sun!
For it's not the heavy cannon—it's the man behind the gun!



"All her snowy pinions spread."
—*Outward Bound.*

Outward Bound

HARBORS are for unused ships:
Mine must sail the seas,
All her snowy pinions spread
To the welcoming breeze.

She must visit lands afar;
Many precious things
Wait her where in distant ports
She will fold her wings.

She must face the angry gale
When the storms arise—
Test her strength and prove her right
To bear the flag she flies.

Should she drift, a broken wreck,
Helpless and undone—
Better that than anchored here
Rotting in the sun!

Westward blows the wind, and lo,
Where the fair, new Day
Lifts his banner on the hills!—
She must not delay;

Hoist the sails, and let them breathe
Deep and full and round!
For the sea is calling her—
She is outward bound!

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